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Moses Traddles.

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Prefix.

THE GOOD MAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a man had two sons. The one was a good little boy and did everything that was right, just the way he ought to do; the other was a bad little boy who did everything which he ought not to do, and was therefore a constant worry to his father, his mother, all the neighbors and everybody else who came in contact with him.

Now, strange to relate, these two little boys grew in age and experience, in goodness and in badness, as time progressed. The first little boy, who was named Johnnie, was a constant attendant upon Sunday services and divine worship, and was the pride of the minister and the chief lamb of his flock. The second little boy, who was named Willie, wasn't the pride of anybody, or the lamb of any flock; in fact, he wasn't a lamb at all, but a black little sheep.

One day the minister came to the father of these two boys and said that he was looking for a young man to send as a missionary to the Cannibal Isles. Willie, of course, quickly said that he was not his snap; but Johnnie, with flashing eye and swelling voice, spoke up and said that he had long wished for some such chance to devote his energies and consecrate his life to a noble cause.

Now, it is easy to see which of these boys made the good man and which the bad one. Johnnie went as the missionary to the Cannibal Islands, and immediately welcomed by the natives was contributed at once as an ingredient to soup; while Willie, scorning a lofty fate, stayed at home and became simply a hard-working business man, and supported his father and comforted his mother in their old age.

But to come at this matter on another tack. It is safe to say that we all know the good man quickly enough when we see him. It is easy enough to point him out, although we may not exactly know what really are the materials which go to make him up. "Good man" has come to be such a universal, all-including term, that there are very few of us which it really shuts out; but still there is a deep significance to the words if we choose to trace it out.

The good man, in every sense of the word, is made out of simple material, and it does not require much material to make him up. The man who is brave, honest and persevering is as good a man as can be found anywhere in the world about. These component elements are the materials out of which every "good man" is necessarily built. If, in addition to these characteristics, the man be naturally able or bright, well educated, cultured in music, literature and the arts, these will all add to, enlarge the man, and finish him off. But, without these latter acquirements and touches, all men who are brave,

honest and persevering are good men. Be their station in life high or low, judged from a high point of view, they are all in the same class.

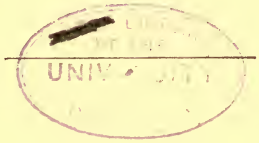
All honest men are kin, some one has said. Similarly there is a bond of union between all good men. By pure sympathy of heart and nature they are bound together closer than fraternity, club, lodge or union men. They are at the bottom of things—they are the real soldiers in the thick of the battle of life.

The man who is honest and persevering is *a* good man, but *the* "good man" is he who is brave as well. To be brave means always to have the courage to do what is right. Honesty is a broad term and must be understood to embrace a multitude of smaller virtues, and must include the instinctive ability to know the right. To be persevering is but to work ahead—is but putting in play and utilizing these other virtues. All men who are honest and persevering are a good class of men. They who are at the same time brave, naturally able, cultured and educated make up the best men—the highest grade of good men. But natural ability, mere accidents of birth, culture and education should be sparingly reckoned in. Honesty of soul is the sovereign virtue and the fundamental element in the make-up of a good man. Courage and perseverance come next in line. The good man is the highest man.

POEMS, SKETCHES

— OF —

Moses Traddles.



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NOT A CHESTNUT TREE.

Our setter dog stood by a sycamore tree,
While up it the house-cat hied,
Gyrating its back and willowy tail,
Rejoicing with honest pride.

The dog looked on with a quizzical air,
Then lost in thought seemed he,
Somehow or other just on to the fact,
That he could not climb a tree.

"The dog," he mused, "can run and frisk,
And can toy with a string all day,
But he can't climb up a sycamore tree,
Because he ain't built that way."

THE YOUTH AND THE BROOK.

A youth stood by a babbling brook, and gazed in its waters blue;
"Let me ask you a question, my pretty brook, and give me an answer true:
Why is it that during the day, and e'en through the darksome night,
You patter along the self-same way, always happy and bright?

"Why is it you sing your song, as glad as a child at play
I should think your heart would oft grow dull, and steal your music away.
When the gay birds leave you and hasten south, and yon hills are bleak with snow,
I should think your spirits would slowly flag, and your waters fail to flow.

'I should think you would tire of your ceaseless task, forever you seem to go—
Through spring, and summer, and fall, and winter; through sunshine, rain and snow;
Do you never stop to question whither, do you never long for rest?

Pray tell me truly, my pretty brook: answer my one request."

* * * *

The brook rolled on in silence golden, it bubbled along all day;
The youth sat dreaming, hoping an answer, till evening beckoned away.
And as he went the answer came, but it came from the azure sky,
That the brook was happy because it was toiling, even not knowing the why.

A LEAP FOR LOVE.

A howling chasm, deep, abyssmal and foreboding,
Wild waters rushing in the gulch below,
Protruding rocks, sharp-cutting, fierce and vengeful,
E'en adding fury to the hurried waters' flow.

On this side stands a youth with flashing eye,
With set, determined, almost desperate face, and pale;
On yonder side, with plighted troth, the maid he loves,
This howling chasm leap or all hopes fail.

Unhappy days, a loveless life, on this side if he stay—
And yet his friends entreat him not to try;
Honor, happiness, brightness await him on the other side,
His mind is set to either do or die.

But look, he pauses, 'tis a leap beyond his power,
Dread fears, dark doubts creep up and bid him stay:
Picture his dreadful fate if he doth fail,
Falling, falling—a battered, bleeding, mangled mass of clay.

But now he starts. He rouses him once more.
All doubts fled, a bright look in his eye,
He seems to trust in more than wonted strength,
At worst he can in trying fail and die.

But now again his courage wanes, fear dims his eye,
A tempting voice within him bids him stay,
And asks him why not dwell secure upon this side,
Why madly leap and throw a life away.

But lo, he marshals strength once more—
Transcendent courage lent him from on high,
He straightens up and takes his start,
Ye gods, forestall him wings and let him fly.

He fails! His feet have missed the farther side!
Must so much courage for so little go!
But, no, his hands have caught the jagged edge!
The gods be praised, for they have willed it so.

Applause now comes from those upon this side,
E'en those who love him not join in the roar,
His love soon greets him with a happy smile,
And loves him even now more truly than before.

BACK IN THE TWO MONTHS AGO.

The pain which I felt in my loss, the weight of that sad, sudden blow,
Has quite faded out and gone, sunk back in the two months ago.
My hopes were dashed rudely away, I was brought to my senses so,
But the pain of that sad, sudden loss has sunk back in the two months ago.

Back in the two months ago, a world of relief in the thought,
That time, the physician, has healed the wounds by experience bought:
Back in the two months ago, I would not endure it again,
But the joys of the bright, cheerful now blot out the deep troubles of then.

The future looked dark and forlorn, the present o'erflowing with woe,
The heart dull and heavy with care, back in the two months ago.
But it was back in the two months ago, the present is joyful again,
Of the grief then filling my heart only memory's traces remain.

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Back in the two months ago, a world of relief in the thought,
That time, the physician, has healed the wounds by experience bought.
Back in the two months ago, many cares which look mighty to-day,
In the future will sink in the background, their harshness fading away.

OH KEEP MY PICTURE HUNG UP ON THE WALL.

When sadder days may come, when my life has ebbed and gone,
When my soul at last has answered heaven's call,
Then that you'll remember me, whenever it you see,
Oh keep my picture hung up on the wall.

Oh keep my picture hung up on the wall, up on the wall,
Don't let my memory sudden fade away;
Whenever it you see, oh then remember me,
Remember round my knees you used to play.

When the light is burning low, and the coals are mouldering slow,
And the wind is moaning sadly, in the fall;
You, dozing in your chair, will see it hanging there,
Oh keep my picture hung up on the wall.

And again in early spring, when the birds begin to sing,
And a pretty shade of green is tinting all,
From care you will be free, but I pray you think of me,
Oh keep my picture hung up on the wall.

Oh keep my picture hung up on the wall, up on the wall:
I used to see my father's hanging there:
When the heart is sad and low, 'tis a pleasing thing to know,
That we have a friend in heaven, who waits us there.

WHEN MUSIC, HEAVENLY MAID, WAS YOUNG.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
Our voices aloud to the heavens rung,
Attuned to the lay which through the trees,
The serried leaf played on the breeze.

A fourth of July had not then come,
Men hadn't struck on the big bass drum,
The donkey had never been known to bray,
While cats had not learned in sweet tones to say:

"Is there anything doing in your yard, Tom,
If not, why over in my yard come."
Sister's beau was around but he didn't sung,
Oh, would that heavenly maids stayed young.

MORE BELLS.

Hear the street-car bell!
The near approach of steedless, silent car its clanging notes
foretell,
How its clang, clang, clang puts your nerves upon the rack:
Clear the track, clear the track
Clear the track, track, track,
Clear the track; will you please clear the track.
As they onward swiftly glide,
How glad you are to ride,
Without a seat inside,
But hanging on the back!
Here we come! clear the track!
Clear the track, track, track,
Clear the track, clear the track, clear the track.

Hear the chestnut bell!
What a repetition of old, old stories its single strokes
foretell.
How its tinkle, tinkle, tinkle lays you flat out on the floor:
I've heard it all before, I've heard it all before—
How oft we heard it tinkle,
When it was the latest wrinkle;
How softly it would jingle
As our tales we counted o'er.

I've heard it all before, I've heard it all before.
Ting, ling, ling, ling, ling, ling, ling:
I've heard that all before.

Hear the breakfast bell!
What a conglomeration of hash and oatmeal its pealing notes foretell.
How its tinkle, tinkle, tinkle tolls out your usual fate;
You are late, late, late,
You are late, you are late.
With your dreams it does commingle,
Till you scarce believe it single,
And your ears begin to tingle,
As it sounds your usual fate:
How its warning notes vibrate,
Turn your waking thoughts too hate,
As it sounds your usual fate:
You are late, you are late,
You are late, late, late,
You are late, you are late, you are late
How hard its calling seems,
As it mingles with your dreams;
Like a ghoul it almost seems,
Calling out your usual fate:
You are late, you are late,
You are late, late, late.
You are late, late, late, late, late, late, late;
You are late, you are late, you are late.

COMME IL FAUT!

"How do you do," a poor girl said,
To the rich little girl with the golden head,
Her neighbor across the way.
"I'm very well," was the only reply,
She had time to make in passing by,
Pursuing her onward way.

"Won't you stop?" called number one,
"I know games that are lots of fun;
You don't have to go."
"I'd like to stay," she replied with regret,
"But my mamma doesn't know your mamma yet,
And it wouldn't be *comme il faut*."

A DIFFERENT BOY.

The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him
had fled;
The curling smoke and glistening flames went circling
'round his head;
His father, when the fire broke out, had skipped in the
yawl for shore,
And now he called unto his son to brave the ocean's roar.

The flames rolled high, the crumbling masts bade the
young man to go,
But still he lingered on the deck, he feared the wild
waves so;
"Jump, jump, my boy," his father cried, "I'm waiting
here for you."
The boy, distressed between two ills, knew not what he
should do.

"Oh father mine," he called ashore, "why did you leave
me here?
Why did you leave your son to die, through mad and
hasty fear;
If I jump in, I'll surely sink—down to the bottom of the
sea;
Good heavens! a companion I for sharks and Ma-gin-ty."

"Jump, jump, my son," the father cried above the waves' wild roar,
"Oh, jump, my lad, into the sea, or never see me more;
Jump, my lad, into the sea—mind now—hear what I say,
You never can expect to live in any other way."

Then, the lad, nerved up at last, the flames e'en scorching him,
Jumped into the angry sea and vainly tried to swim,
And down he went—then rose again; but since he had no show,
He loudly called out to the shore "There, dad, I told you so."

The winds roared on, the mad sea tossed, the boat sank out of view,
And dark, dark night came creeping up upon the ship-wrecked crew;
And all night long, through gloom and mist, over and over again,
The weird refrain, "I told you so," came gently drifting in.

THE POPULAR ASS.

The ass, pure and simple,
The four-legged creature,
Which feeds upon sawdust and hay,
Is a patient old fellow,
A good steady toiler,
And all very well in his way.

He sometimes grows airy,
And kicks like the fairy,
Who shines in a theatre play;
But he soon comes down quiet,
Resumes his hay diet,
And has nothing further to say.

But the popular ass,
The two-legged creature,
Rigged out in masculine shape,
Is a link in the chain,
Quite as hard to supply,
As the famous Darwinian ape.

All of mankind,
To his asinine mind,
Except a select very few,

Are—"a fah-off race,
Meah consumahs of space,
Quite out of his line of view."

He walks—ah, so straight;
He talks—simply great,
He never makes use of his bray;
He looks—always neat,
Except for his feet,
Which have been shoed the wrong way.

His hair, all brushed down,
And carefully combed,
On either side of the part;
Just as a donkey
Is brushed and combed,
Before he is hitched to the cart.

He lives in a world,
Which is all of his own,
And the prince of the realm is he;
Some unknown subjects,
In outer darkness,
He makes of you and me

The cart which he draws
Is tin, and on wheels,
And is loaded down with conceit.

And dragging this little load along,
Over a road which is clearly wrong,
He thinks he can't be beat.

And his aims—they are high—
He kicks for the sky—
He *must* be thought something great:
Now between me and you,
If he only but knew,
He's got a long time to wait.

There are popular men,
There are poplar trees,
And other things poplar too,
But the egregious ass,
Of the two-legged class,
Is out of it by a few.

DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

To do what is right is the great work of man.
If you simply do this, you do all that you can;
No one ever lived who was really a man,
Who shaped his career on a different plan.

Do what is right; and then you can say,
That no better man treads the wide world to-day;
However lowly your sphere, or humble your lot,
None are richer than you, whether seeming or not.

Inferior to none; none rank over you;
For those who do right are the privileged few.
The one grand prize to be reaped from time's flight,
Is becoming a man from doing the right.

All men are equal who do what is right;
Equal in spirit in God's sacred sight;
Life's leveling end carries all else away—
Rank, riches and fame rot off with the clay.

Persevere, keep on toiling, be honest alway,
And you do what is right for each separate day
Days make up years, years make up life—
A long, ceaseless, fearless, unyielding strife.

Man is much more than a creature of clay,
His soul lives, we hope, after life fades away:
If not,—he at least makes the best of the fight,
By becoming a man from doing the right.

CHANGES.

A half an hour ago 'twas dark,
The sky was bleak and drear,
The cold, gray clouds hung threat'ning low,
The sharp wind whistled clear,
A rustling moan went sadly forth,
From fastly eddying leaves,
And birds flew home to warm, snug nests
Or shelter sought in eaves;
And in our hearts, the same cold gray
Was coloring every thought—
Our hope was low, our courage dull,
With dim forebodings fraught.

But now warm love is in our hearts,
Hope shines forth from the eye,
Our gloomy thoughts have taken wings,
And hied them to the sky;
The cold gray clouds have cleared away,
The sharp, shrill wind is gone,
The birds again in revels sing,
And bask them in the sun.
A quiet peace pervades the earth,
We do not know just why,
But e'en our thoughts seem brightened up,
In keeping with the sky.

Another world it seems to be,
  Since one short hour ago,
The sun has broken forth on high,
  And wrought the change below.
Just so the change from life itself—
  Earth's cares all left below,
We pass from earth to heaven above,
  Whene'er God wills it so.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight, weary hour of rest,
So free from care and woe,
The earth lies clothed in winter's dress,
The stars shine all aglow:
The lonely monarch of the night,
The owl, sits in a distant tree;
A sullen croak proclaims his thought—
At night alone my soul is free.
Some cheery bird now thrusts his head
O'er his snow-crested nest,
To take a peep at eastern sky,
Lest he prolong his rest.
The dead, calm earth lies silence-bound
At this most sacred hour;
'Tis then we feel our helplessness,
In nature's awful power.
And during this long, peaceful rest,
When thought is far away,
Some power e'er watchful o'er us all,
Keeps us till break of day.

EVER PRESENT.

Ever nature keeps on changing,
  Darkness follows brightest day;
Men themselves succumb to ages,
  Time reduces them to clay.
Though the world be clothed in darkness,
  Or all dancing in the light,
Nature still contains within her,
  One all present power and might;
With our eyes we see her beauties
  As they come, and bloom, and go;
With our souls we feel the presence,
  Of the God who wills it so.

JOB'S PRAYER.

Teach me, O Lord, to know, that beyond the clouds, however dark they be, there is blue sky,
That however threatening low those clouds may hang, the wind may break and sweep them by.

Teach me, O Lord, to know that Patience is the gentle wind that sweeps the clouds away,
That happiness and contentment, shining ever bright, are two the grandest stars which the blue skies array.

Teach me, O Lord, to know that day is sure to follow even the darkest night,
That earnest work in life is the glad morning sun which puts the dark to flight.

Teach me, O Lord, to know, that life on this terrestrial sphere, is but a storming night,
Which must be followed by a softly dawning day, than human hope, more bright.

Teach me, O Lord, to know what work is—not strivings after fortune, power and fame the livelong day,
But simply patient endeavor to mould and shape the spirit from the clay.

WORKMAN AT HOME.

I met a man one summer day,
In morning's busy hours,
A sturdy son of toil was he,
In touch with nature's powers;
'Twas in the city's close confines,
His brow with worry fraught,
His hand pressed to his weary head,
In meditation wrought.

At close of day, I went to meet
The same man near his home,
Out in the country's broad expanse,
Under the glimmering dome;
A stronger, younger man seemed he,
His face more calm and clear,
A gladsome easy manner his,
Two daughters lingering near;
Another man it is, thought I,
But no, that could not be—
The same man with another heart,
A lighter one, and free.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A brave and gallant youth, in love with pretty maid;
Laid bare his heart, spoke the whole truth, and list for what she said:
And then the little maid blushed deep, and brightness filled her eye,
But answered naught—her pretty look did make her sole reply.

But man is not with such content—he longs to hear her say,
That her whole heart is his alone, since his she stole away
And pretty looks do not suffice, they only cause him pain,
He pursues her still closer then, and asks her o'er again.

But, oh, the pretty little maid, beloved by such a man,
Is still too modest yet, by far, to tell him all she can:
She cannot tell the feelings yet, that fill her tender breast,
She only knows her soul at peace, her heart has found its rest.

She only knows, if they should part, her light would fade away;
She only knows when he is near that darkness seems like day;
She only knows if he should die, claimed by another's reign,
That then she lives herself no more, for chaos comes again.

I'LL WAIT.

I remember Uncle Abner, a'sitting by that stove,
One wintry evening long ago, when I was but a cove;
His old white head was bent with age, his face betold his fate;
But when we tried to pity him, he only said, "I'll wait."

He knew his days were numbered, he could tell it by the pain,
But he was too kind and brave a man to grumble or complain;
He knew the path was open, leading to the golden gate,
So when we tried to pity him he simply said, "I'll wait."

They used to say, when he was young he loved a maiden true,
But had no means to wed the girl; what could the good man do?
An older brother of his'n had involved the whole estate;
But Uncle Abner turned right in and brung it all out straight.

And earlier still, afore he married, when just beginning life,
Young friends of his rushed madly in, and went down in the strife;
But Uncle Abner took it cool, he went no break-neck gait,

When people tried to urge him on, he always said, " I'll
wait."
He was so kind and patient-like that people loved him
dear,
They sent him on to Congress to represent us here;
And what he thought was always best, although he said
it late;
Whene'er they tried to push him out, he always said, "I'll
wait."
Yes, I remember Uncle Abner, a'standing by the gate,
His hollow chest, his trembling hand betold his coming
fate;
But when we tried to pity him, he always answered
straight,
" Never mind about me, boys—I'll wait, I'll wait."

THE POOR MAN'S SHOW.

Down to rest the poor man lay,
On cot of iron and bed of hay,
To sleep his weary cares away;
Soon kindly sleep enfolded him,
The troubles of his soul grew dim—
He dreamed till break of day.

He dreamed—he knew not what he dreamed,
So strangely changed his hard world seemed—
He dreamed he had a show.
Not shows like modern ones indeed,
A ring, a clown, and fiery steed,
A mule that will not go,
But simply, in his race for bread,
A good fair show to get ahead.

Fools, in his dream, were esteemed low,
Bad men and rascals likewise so,
Good men reckoned high.
In fact, unmasked did all men stand,
And honest worth was in demand,
Unselfish help was nigh.
And men no longer strived for fame,
Women likewise did the same,
All getting just their due.

And style and fashion, pomp and show,
In times like these they needs must go
For they are never true.

Glory of rank, envy of name,
Were muddled in a mass the same—
All blood was red not blue;
In such a land, forsooth, as this,
He dreamed and dreamed and dreamed in bliss—
Like wild the night-hours flew.
But, he just dreamed; when he awoke
He found the magic spell was broke—
His dream, alas, all through.

I HAVE A FRIEND.

I have a friend, a far-off friend,
To whom I trust my heart.
I have a friend so close to me,
We cannot dwell apart.

I have a friend who loves me dear,
Who is a friend in need.
I have a friend I do not fear,
He is a friend in deed.

I have a friend in heaven above,
The same friend here below.
I have a friend whom all must love,
If once his heart they know.

I have a friend, who is your friend,
He is a friend to all.
I have a friend who hears my cry,
Whene'er for help I call.

I have a friend, who is as true,
As friend can ever be.
I have a friend, whom I must love,
As much as he loves me.

I have a friend, and so have you,
A friend we both must love,
Who dwelleth in a far-off land,
In the blue skies above.

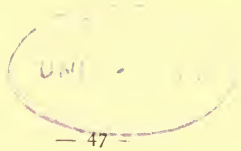
I have a friend, this friend so true,
Whom I have yet to see;
His hand stretched out across the gulf
To guide and strengthen me.

The Pledge.

THE PLEDGE.

A woman and two small young girls, one chilly autumn night,
Were gathered in a little room, where burned a flickering light:
Within which was a chair or two, a sofa old and worn,
A scanty rug, a table poor, a few books thumbed and torn.
The mother and the eldest girl were reading the hours away,
The youngest girl, just ten years old, was busy with blocks at play;
Sometimes she lightened the silence by a merry laugh or joke—
Or, again, a block-house tumbling down the weary stillness broke.
At times the little one at play near tumbled off to sleep,
Or else with sad, distracted air engaged in thinking deep;

"Say, mother, what's the sky made of? and all the stars so bright?
I'd like to see a man so smart that he could tell me right,
But then I guess I never will," the little dreamer said;
"Because if any man's so smart—I guess—I guess he's dead;



Or else, I'd like to know just where I'll go to when I die,
And whether heaven is like this world, or like those worlds on high;
Or whether heaven is just a name to make us all be good,
I am sure that if there wasn't any I'd be bad as I could"—

"Hush, child," the mother said in haste, "you must not talk that way,
There are many things which men don't know, but take on faith they say;
Make up your mind that you can't know about the worlds on high,
Have faith in God, and do your best, content with that to die;
Ah! child, your father comes, he knocks, God pity you I pray,
Would heaven the love of wife and home would turn him from his way;
Don't vex him, girl, don't answer him, he'll harm you if you do,
Just get his supper out for him and go to bed when through."
And saying this, she sat her down and got some knitting out,
Her daughter with the supper things went busily about,
While reeled into the room a man, drunk, dead to all just shame,

Who damned his wife and little girls by every loathsome name:
"My supper, curse you, where is it!" he called out in a roar,
And, when they set it out for him, he swept it to the floor.
The mother, in a flood of tears, turned from the scene away,
The youngest girl fell on her knees and turned to heaven to pray:

"Oh Father, in heaven above," she said, "deliver us this day,
Soften my worldly father's heart, and turn him from his way;
Bid love again abide with him, bid brutal passion die;
Teach him to know that naught he does escapes thy seeing eye—
Or, if not this, then strike him blind, turn him to stone or clay,
Force to brute force, thus let him know the life he throws away;
Oh, no, forgive me what I say, but mother's heart will break,
It is for her I beg that you of us a care will make."
And having spoken, the young soft heart succumbed to grief at last,
Sobs shook her form from head to foot, while tears flowed thick and fast,

And stole a silence o'er the room, a sudden change came on.
The father's angry passions curbed, his fiery look all gone;
He paused, he thought, then raised his head and spoke
with heartfelt pain,
"So help me, God, I never will touch another drop
again!"

The Dying Woman.

THE DYING WOMAN.

"Dying! Oh, God! can this be true!
My bit of life already run.
Dying! what means the word to me,
But bitter, ill-paid work all done!
Dying! Good God! it is not true!
In dirt and misery; poor, forlorn;
My little children homeless waifs,
Better by far if never born."

* * * * *

"Hark! What is that which strikes my ear?
Voices! What do they say? I cannot tell:
Low, mocking voices! Hear them now!—
They mock my very soul in hell!"

* *

"'Tis nothing, mother—some men in the next street.
Some rich aristocrats are at a ball.
'Tis but the feasters' bantering talk you hear,
You only dreamed you heard them call."

"Feasters' bantering, idle talk in the next street!
I only dreamed I heard them call!
But, no! They mock us, child—the wealth they
waste this night
Would long have fed and clothed us all.

"There, now, be patient with me, children, dear;
'Twas but a dream that drove me mad.
Those, who waste God's wealth so near at hand,
Know not that you and I do need so bad."

* * * * *

"Ah! Hear that! child. A hollow, mocking laugh!
Retreating ever! fainter, fainter, fainter still—
Cursed fiend!! I'll follow you to death!
You dare not mock me poor and ill.

"You dare not mock the needy, dying poor!
Long have I striven! Yes, from dawn till late!
Oh child! but hear that hollow, mocking laugh!
Ah! Ha! the bantering, mocking laugh of fate!!"

* * * * *

"Stay, mother. You have heard no mocking laugh;
You're faint and sick. Lie down and rest;
Be patient. If you die this night,
The God in heaven must deem it best.

* *

"Right, child. I heard no bantering laugh.
Naught but the mocking laugh of fate.
Dying! my child. What means the word to me!
Release from envy, greed and hate."

* * * * *

"Dying! in misery! wanting and forlorn;
And yet I worked with all my feeble might.

Those in the next street waste in ease !
  Oh God ! I ask *you* ; is this right ?
Dying ! what means the word to me !
  My narrow, cramped and meagre course well run.
Dying ! I'm not afraid to die at least—
  Oh God ! Thy will, not mine, be done."

By the Sea.

BY THE SEA.

The sea so calm and placid lies,
Beneath the balmy summer skies,
Its waters roll so softly blue,
That we must fain believe it true,
That mermaid dwells in freedom there,
Almost more graced than mortal fair.

The graceful mermaid leads from birth,
A careless life of joy and mirth.
A dreamy child the soft waves toss,
Upon a downy couch of moss;
A maiden grown she rules the deep,
Her moods the waters also keep,
They smile at her in playful air,
And roar and groan with her despair
They quiet lie whene'er she sleeps,
And softly moan when sad she weeps
They dash the beach with foamy spray,
Whene'er the maiden bids them play,
And when the mermaid goes ashore,
Then unrestrained they madly roar.

Amid the dwellers 'mongst mankind,
A rival fair such maid should find;
In sooth it does most natural seem,

That on the borders of the stream,
Should dwell a nymph almost as fair,
A creature of the earth and air,
A merry lass, and wild and free,
Heart half at home and half at sea.

In truth, in gentle southern clime ;
Upon the soft sea shore,
Where gulls and swans their revels make,
And billows softly roar,
There dwells a maid so fair to view
That all must love who see,
Not beauty's claim alone that charms,
But virtue wild and free.
A face which is most beautiful,
And jet black hair and eyes,
And colors which in tint surpass
The pinks which grace the skies.
Not these I ween the charms that win,
A pure smile sweet and true,
Bespeaks the heart, which knows not yet
The harm a smile can do;
And native sweetness in her breast,
A woman's instinct too,
The child and woman merged in one,
Respect to her is due.
A simple life the maiden leads,
In her small cottage home,

A fisherman her father is,
Her mother dead and gone,
She has a brother, too, at sea,
Who rarely comes ashore,
Who loves the ocean more than home,
And roams its bosom o'er.
She loves to sit at close of day,
When duties all are done,
And dream about the far-off lands,
Beyond the setting sun.
She loves to think of future days,
What fate may have in store,
And wonders could she love a home
Upon another shore.
The maidens in her native town,
Flock round her through the day,
The natural leader she of them,
The foremost in their play.
Full nineteen summers does she pass,
In romping by the sea,
Her hand claimed not by any man,
Her heart quite fancy free,
Till one day on this shore is cast,
Tossed by angry waves,
A ship-wrecked boat from other lands,
And gallant crew of braves.
The maiden fair, upon the shore,
Welcomes these homeless men;

The other maids have run away
At very sight of them.
The bravest one among the crew,
A strong and handsome man,
Asks the young girl to lead them home,
And aid them as she can.
A look of pleasure fills her eyes,
'Tis plain that she will do,
Whatever lies her powers within,
To help the ship-wrecked crew.
She walks along with sparkling eye,
Beside the stalwarth man,
She tells him all the village news,
And asks him whence he came ;
And when they reach the cottage door,
She bids them enter in,
And as they gather round the fire,
She spreads a lunch for them;
And then she sees the arm of him,
Who first accosted her,
Is lying injured by his side,
Hurt by a falling spar,
She bids him bare his brawny arm,
And binds a linen band,
About the muscles brown and strong,
His stout wrist in her hand,
And as she works unconscious thus,
She looks up in his face,

And sees thereon a tender look,
Which sets her heart apace:
She quits her work a minute then,
She tries to stay a blush,
But tell-tale color stains her neck,
Her cheeks a deep red flush;
But quickly she regains herself,
And binds the bandage fast,
Tying his heart in lover's knot,
Which will forever last.
Then sits he down upon the bench,
The bravest in the crew,
And eats the lunch spread out for him,
The maiden still in view,
And after lunch he seeks her out,
And asks a question plain :
" Will she leave these shores with him,
Ne'er to return again."
The maiden gives a little start,
No artful ways she knows,
All pale excuse and artifice,
Aside she boldly throws,
And softly comes the true reply,
From depth of maiden's heart :
" She will more gladly dwell with him,
Than dwell from him apart."
Ye gods look down from heaven above
Upon this love match true,

And add your blessing to their loves,
Each year their loves renew.
Not many days now pass away,
Scarce one short week goes by,
Before the marriage bells ring out,
And sound the news on high.
All in the village, come to see
The handsome couple wed ;
The sailors sound a hearty cheer,
The parting guests are sped.
Then all the merry fishermaids,
Who love the handsome bride,
Stand on the shore and wave them off,
Hearts filled with honest pride,
And on the winds the rumor comes,
Soft floating to the shore:
That this brave man, the lover true,
Has never loved before.

Affix.

SKEPTICAL TO THE END.

"Say, I don't understand the game we are playing. Do you?" said the first chess-man to the second, as they moved around the board.

"I may as well confess that I do not," the second replied.

Turning to a third they both put the same question to him:

"Do you understand this game?"

"Oh, yes," said the third, "we are all trying to see who can stay the longest on the board, and who can travel over the most ground while doing the same."

"So!" they both exclaimed.

"Yes," the third put in.

"Still, I have heard it said," resumed the first, "that a planning force behind us plays out the game—that we are mere puppets to his ends."

"Oh, pshaw," they all exclaimed.

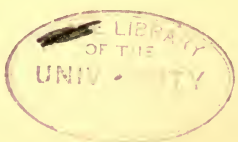
"Yes, I've heard it said," the first went on, "and the more I think of it, the more reasonable it seems. Surely all our goings on must be towards some end."

"We have our own ends in outlasting and overmastering the others," the third exclaimed.

"That is one end, but I, for one, am coming to believe in a higher end," the first rejoined.

"Oh, pshaw," they all again exclaimed.

The first said no more, and the play resumed.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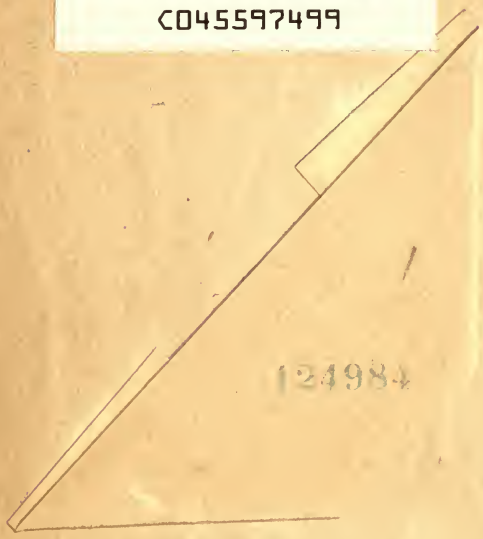

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